

PASTIMES OF MEXICO.

Amusements That Would Never Flourish in the United States.

While bull-fights may really be called the great national amusement in Mexico, it must not be supposed that public opinion on this subject is undivided. The champions of bull-fighting are enthusiastic, but its opponents are numerous and vehement enough to delight the hearts of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Occasionally a corrida de toros is organized by amateurs for the purposes of beneficence, and then the press leads the unhappy projectors with censure and satire. While many high-caste Mexicans undoubtedly delight in this sport, a large number regard it with abhorrence, and the Mexican ladies almost always express against it disapproval, fear and horror. Yet a bull-fight, properly conducted, is by no means so revolting a spectacle nor so cruel a performance as is generally believed. It is, of course, extremely popular with the masses, and there is no doubt that these performances serve as a social safety-valve, where finds vent the natural evil and savage element in the make-up of humanity, which would otherwise expend itself in violence and disorder as regards fellow-creatures.

This escalero, or taming the bull, is a diversion much affected by the young men of Mexico, barring those of effeminate tastes and habits. In this sport there is the chase by a number of riders of a bull let loose from a corral at one end of an inclosed avenue, two or three hundred yards long. The bull is given a fair start, and the horsemen dash after him, dropping back one by one until only the most forward is left, and he, guiding his horse alongside the flying game, grasps the tail of his bovine excellency, and dexterously throwing one leg over it, endeavors to jerk the animal off its feet, and usually does so. The feat is one of skill rather than strength, and even women have been known to perform it. There is an element of danger, but it is not revolting. There is even a comic strain in the foolish look of the bull as he scrambles to his feet again. These exhibitions are seldom of a public nature, but are organized by a circle of friends for exercise and amusement.

The pelea de gallos, or cock-fight, is a much more brutal and sickening show than a bull-fight. It is a most vicious sport, too, in the way of gambling, really enormous sums being staked on the issue of these combats. The greatest attention is paid to the breeding, rearing and care of the game-cocks, and animals of noted record are conveyed between distant points of the Republic to engage in contests. They are shipped in curious crates of woven cane, and the utmost care is observed in their transportation. Ladies do not attend cock-fights.

Lectures, concerts, etc., are rare and poorly patronized in Mexico. Parlor games are little followed on the plateau, but more common on the "warm lands," where, indeed, life in every respect assumes a brighter, gayer aspect under tropical influences. Ladies ride little, though equestrian exercises are popular to some extent, chiefly through the influence of foreigners. Mexican men, of course, almost all ride surpassingly well. Drives in Mexico are a formal and stupid matter, consisting of monotonous turns on the Alameda or boulevard. Picnics, lawn parties, tennis, croquet and many other amusements dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart are almost unknown in Mexico, due to the aforesaid social restrictions, which also sorely hamper the line of evening calls, etc. Rink and baseball begin to be known in sections affected by American contact, but it will be long ere the youth of Mexico enjoys an adequate share of amusements. — *Mexican Letter.*

PROTECTING CHILDREN.

A Subject Whose Importance Is Not Fully Appreciated.

School officers in this country have a great deal of trouble in enforcing the laws which were designed to protect growing children in their right to grow. A boy or a girl who works in a cotton or a woolen factory, or in any other place where the air is vitiated, or the posture constrained or sedentary, can seldom attain the proper development of a human being. Such a child is cheated of a large part of his chance of a happy life, and it is the business of a Government to prevent cheating.

All the civilized nations have laws against this great wrong. Italy permits children of nine to work for wages, but requires, as a preliminary condition, the certificate of a physician attesting that the child is able to perform the proposed work without injury. Perhaps even this inadequate measure is a little better than none. It may serve to remind people that children have rights which Governments are bound to protect.

Spain goes much farther. In that country the limit is fixed at ten years, but with this most important addition: Boys under thirteen and girls under fourteen must not be kept at work more than five hours a day. In Sweden the day's work for children is limited to six hours, and night work is absolutely prohibited.

Denmark permits children to labor six hours and a half, but also requires two hours' attendance at school. In Hungary no child under twelve may work in a factory, except with special license, and the day's work for minors is limited by law to eight hours. Every child who labors must go to school a part of every day.

In the German Empire, no child can lawfully labor in a factory until he is twelve years old, and the day's work

is fixed at six hours, with three hours' schooling daily. Nine hours' close confinement is too much for any growing creature.

France is sadly neglectful of the duty she owes her little children. The law fixes twelve years as the age of the youngest workers, but there are so many exceptions that the limit practically is ten years. In manufacturing of paper, sugar and glass, boys of twelve are permitted to work at night and all night.

Three countries in Europe, and only three, have decreed that a child must be fourteen years of age before it may work in a shop or factory, and these have also prohibited all night work to children. The three countries are Austria, England and Switzerland.

In the United States there are almost as many laws on this subject as there are States; but in there one State in which young workers are adequately protected? We fear not. Needy parents, ambitious boys, restless girls, employers wanting help, all work against the enforcement of such laws as we have.

Factories running extra hours do not pause to dismiss the young workers, and there are some that have boys on the force which carries on the work during the night. Think of a boy twelve or thirteen going to work at seven in the evening, and coming off at six in the morning, with half an hour's rest at midnight!

There are few subjects so important as this, because an injury done to a growing creature is irreparable, and every such injury lessens the vigorous force of the community. Instead of violating or evading the law, it should be the effort of every right-thinking person to see that it is most rigidly enforced. — *Youth's Companion.*

FETISH WORSHIP.

The Terrible Belief Held by the Native of the Dark Continent.

The African believes that there are everywhere evil spirits who are amenable to charms or incantations, or, as he calls them, "fetishes," and that certain unknown or half-known persons whom he calls "wizards" are acquainted with these charms and use their occult knowledge for nefarious purposes. He believes further that certain other persons are gifted with the power of tracking or "smelling out" the offenders. So universal is this belief that almost every village of pagan Africa, particularly toward the west coast, has its fetish house, a grim and ghastly building, often ranged round with human skulls in every stage of decomposition, and a fetish man, who is its high priest. No human being, surely, ever had a more terrific power committed to him, and few have used it more unscrupulously. The fetish man is bound by no law; he recognizes no rules of evidence. Any thing which happens, even in the most ordinary course of nature, he may pronounce to be the work of a fetish, or a wizard, and to need his assistance to ferret it out. A heavy rainfall or drought, a murmur among the cattle, a pestilence or a conflagration, a child devoured by a wild animal, an illness or a death, each and all of these may be pronounced to be "fetish"—somebody has done it, and he must be detected. So possessed are the natives by this belief, that it so forms part of their being, that it never occurs to any of them, though he knows his own turn may come next, to question the reality of this uncanny power; and, in the panic terror of this fetish man and his decisions the negro loses for a time some of his most essential and amiable characteristics, his frivolity, his light-heartedness; even his family affection. A son will join in putting his father to death; a brother will help to tear in pieces a brother. If the accused dares to deny the charge—which he seldom does, however preposterous or impossible it may be—he has to submit to some terrible ordeal, such as the running at full speed under an avenue of hoopled arches about half his height, when, if he stumbles, or rather, as soon as he stumbles, he is hacked to death; or the drinking of some deadly decoction, such as the casea bark, when his one chance of escape is handsomely to bribe the fetish man to give him the exact quantity or quality which will make him desperately sick, before the poison has well begun its deadly work. In Ashantee and Dahomey, at Bonny and Calabar, in the Fan country and throughout Angola this terrible belief prevails, and, as may well be imagined, it ramifies out into every kind of villainy and crime. — *Nineteenth Century.*

What Flies Are Good For.

What are flies good for, anyway? Most people firmly believe that they are solely to try the patience, or rather the impatience of mankind. It is with mingled feelings of comfort and alarm that we read the following: Their particular office appears to be the consumption of the dead and minute animals whose decaying myriads would otherwise poison the air. It was a remark of Linnæus that three flies would consume a dead horse sooner than a lion could. He doubtless included the families of the three flies. A single fly will sometimes produce 20,000 larvae, each of which in a few days may be the parent of another 20,000, and thus the descendants of three flies would soon devour an animal much larger than a horse. A writer makes the following computation: "One fly on the 20th of March is represented by 300 on the 24th of April; by 300 times 300, equaling 90,000, on the 28th of May; by 27,000,000 on the 2d of July, and by 3,100,000,000 on the 8th of August." — *N. Y. Times.*

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Its Talented Editor Is Somewhat Disabled But Still in the Ring.

The following items are culled from the last issue of the *Arizona Kicker*: "IT PLEASES US.—On Monday afternoon a delegation of our foremost citizens, headed by that lank, long, lean, cadaverous, dyspeptic old lumbar, Colonel Jim Johnson, visited the *Kicker* office for the purpose of intimidating its editor and proprietor. The Colonel made us a little speech, in which he said that our style was altogether too breezy for this locality, and that if we did not mend our ways the people proposed to chip in and establish a second paper here to run us out. We heard the Colonel to the end, and then with an iron side-stick drove the gang into the street.

"Chip in! Start another paper here! Why, in the first place, the whole gang couldn't raise fifteen dollars to save their necks, and in the second place a new paper might rake the whole district with a fine tooth comb and not find another advertiser or subscriber. If we didn't board and lodge ourselves, do all the editing, composition, job work, press work, rolling and mailing; if we weren't rent free and used to wearing one shirt for four weeks; if we couldn't feel happy after a meal on crackers and cheese, the *Kicker* would have never kicked twice.

"It pleases us! The idea of another paper makes us smile. The fact that Colonel Jim Johnson—a man who stole his title in Indiana and busted up as a fare dealer in Omaha—is behind the move makes us grow fat! We shall open on this old he-wolf next week, unless he skips the town, and if we land him in jail he must remember that he provoked the fight."

"BRASS WEDDING.—On Tuesday evening of last week Major Pete Scott and his wife, of Jackass Hill, held their brass wedding anniversary, and it elicited any thing in the society line yet attempted in this locality. Their dugout was illuminated by two pounds of tallow candles, and Green's string band furnished the most entrancing music. All the nobles were present, and dancing and feasting prevailed to a late hour.

"The only event which marred the pleasure of the evening was an arrest made by our sheriff. He collared General De Lisle, a society star, just as he had finished his first waltz, and we are informed that the Colonel will be taken back to Wisconsin to stand trial for barn-burning.

"No presents were given or expected. It was more to introduce Mrs. Scott to high society than any thing else. Pete used to be a baggy-pant on the C. B. & Q. road, and his wife was a beer-slinger in a St. Louis saloon. Some of the high-toned didn't take kindly to her, but this blow-out, which served to show off their new carpets and upright piano will place her on the top shelf. There is some talk that Pete is liable to arrest for bunco-steering in Chicago, and that his wife could be tripped up for robbery, but we wish the couple many returns of the happy occasion. We were there in person, and can vouch for the fact that it was a square meal."

"OBITUARY.—Sunday afternoon last Judge Knapp passed in his checks, after an illness of only two weeks. His wife had supported him by laundry work for the last two years, and although the widow has donned the weeds and is figuring on a tombstone with a lamb on top of it, we've got a dollar which says she's glad the old loafer has gone to a hotter country. If she isn't, we are, for he made our office his loafing place, and the tobacco stains he left after him will keep his memory green for a year to come."

"THAT'S OUR BUSINESS.—A pumpkin-headed weekly published over in Tombs-town by a dough-faced renegade from New England has been poking fun at us for publishing dead ads. We acknowledge to six columns, but that's our business. We set out to furnish our subscribers with literary matter which they could comprehend and digest. Besides, we are sending sample copies of the *Kicker* all over the country, and pride compels us to make a show of advertising.

"Go ahead with your fun, old foggie! Keep it up a couple of weeks longer and we'll send your description to the chief of police of Boston. We've heard he wanted to see you for about a minute, and that you broke out before you had served half your sentence." — *Detroit Free Press.*

The Wedding Tour Fad.

The latest thing in weddings is for the bride and groom to keep as a profound secret the direction of the bridal trip. They give out they are going to Washington or Niagara. Then they go to a hotel and leave at a convenient time the next morning on their journey. Sometimes, in the spirit of fun, mischievous friends find out the destination of the bridal couple and send their congratulations to their hotel. A case of the kind occurred recently in Brooklyn. The groom had been a party to wedding jokes himself and took, as he supposed, every precaution to prevent his being traced. All inquiries were baffled. He got a driver who could not read. He drove over the bridge and dismissed his driver, and then drove in another coach to an uptown hotel. He thought he had evaded all the fun makers. The next morning the bridal couple started for Washington by the Pennsylvania route. What was their astonishment to find a family delegation at the depot to bid them good morning, and to wish them joy on their wedding trip. But how the secret leaked out is a mystery that the groom has been unable to solve. — *N. Y. Sun.*

A TERRIBLE WEAPON.

The Zaliniski Dynamite Gun Intended for the Italian Government.

Captain E. L. Zaliniski, the inventor of that terrible engine of war, the pneumatic dynamite torpedo gun, has been experimenting with the gun recently completed for the Italian Government which will cost \$40,000.

This gun, in the language of Captain Zaliniski, is an aerial torpedo projecting machine, possessing many advantages over the appliances for projecting the torpedo through the water. It is of 15-inch caliber, and its range will be at least one mile. The full caliber shell will carry 600 pounds of explosive gelatine, equivalent to 852 pounds of dynamite No. 1 or 943 pounds of gun cotton. Shells containing smaller charges can also be thrown. The gun barrel is a light tube, having a smooth bore. The loading is done at the breech. Air at 1,000 pounds pressure is admitted through a balanced valve, made so as to open and close by a single move of the operator. The time of opening and closing can be varied so that the range can be changed without altering either the elevation or pressure.

In order to maintain the pressure as nearly uniform as possible, wrought iron reservoirs of from twelve to sixteen inches in diameter and about twenty feet long are used, the air being supplied to them by any type of high pressure compressor. The power of this fifteen-inch gun is great. It is clear that the value of a weapon which can project a huge mass of powerful explosive equal to three-quarters of the entire bulk of the projectile to a distance of one and a half miles with perfect accuracy, can not be disputed. In Captain Zaliniski's office is one of the shells to be used in the big gun. It is made of brass tubings and castings, as light as possible.

A tail tube with spiral vanes attached is annexed to the shell in order to retain it in its proper trajectory. Non-metallic pins in the head keep it central at this point and free from metallic contact, while a leather gas-check and vulcanized fiber projections keep it central at the tail. The charge thus far used has been unamphorized explosive gelatine, having a core of dynamite. This core is for the purpose of producing a complete detonation of the less sensitive explosive gelatine. In the cruiser Yorktown are three of the new fifteen-inch dynamite guns, placed abreast and parallel to one another at a fixed angle of sixteen degrees.

The training of the gun is accomplished by steering the vessel, which is done by steam, and the running of the engines which drive the twin screws. The range can be varied by means of valves. The guns are required to be loaded twice per minute. The shells will be handled by hydraulic machinery and provision is to be made for the storage of thirty full-caliber shells. The gun for Italy, now completed, is to be trained, elevated and loaded by hydraulic machinery. It is mounted on an iron base, which when in place will rest upon a heavy masonry foundation. The Yorktown when completed will cost \$350,000. This includes the guns. The speed of this vessel will be at least twenty knots. The speed is exceeded by the small and light torpedo-boats built abroad, but the Yorktown's hull will be sufficiently strong to be serviceable in rough water, which is not the case with the more lightly built torpedo-boats.

The torpedo shell has a double field of action, the over-water and under-water hull. It is estimated that the decks of the most heavily armed ships will be vulnerable to even the eight-inch torpedo shells charged with 100 pounds of explosive gelatine and a very large portion of the more heavily armored parts of the shell charged with 600 pounds. — *Philadelphia Times.*

THE SIGIRI ROCK.

A Steep Climb Accompanied by the Military Commander of Ceylon.

For the first time for a number of years the Sigiri Rock in Ceylon has been scaled by a European, the feat on this occasion being performed by General Lennox, who commands the troops in the island. It is said, indeed, that only one other European, Mr. Cressy, ever succeeded in reaching the summit. The rock is cylindrical in shape, and the bulging sides render the ascent very difficult and dangerous. There are galleries all round, a groove about four inches deep being cut in the solid rock. This rises spirally, and in it are fixed the foundation bricks, which support a platform about six feet broad, with a chamam-coated wall about nine feet high. The whole structure follows the curves and contours of the solid rock, and is cunningly constructed so as to make the most of any natural support the formation can afford. In some places the gallery has fallen completely away, but it still exhibits flights of fine marble steps. High up on the rocks are several figures of Buddha; but it is a mystery how the artist got there, or how, being there, he was able to carry on his work. The fortifications consist of platforms, one above the other, supported by massive retaining walls, each commanding the other. Owing to the falling away of the gallery the ascent in parts had to be made up a perpendicular face of the cliff, and General Lennox and four natives were left to do the latter part of the ascent alone. The top they found to be a plateau about an acre in extent in which were two square tanks, with sides thirty yards and fifteen feet respectively in length, cut out of the solid rock. A palace is believed to have existed on the summit at one time, although time, weather and the jungle have obliterated all traces of it. During the descent the first comer had to guide the foot of the next into a safe fissure; but all reached the bottom safely in about two and a half hours. — *Chicago Herald.*

SUING FOR DIVORCE.

A Story Illustrating Woman's Strange Dislike of Litigation.

The peculiarity of women, more than men, is crazes in doing things. Only in one point are they less given to craze than men. They don't like to go to law, not as a rule; and just as you often find things in life, when you meet with an exception its generally an incomprehensible one. A lawyer friend of mine, rather out of practice—that is, he hadn't yet succeeded in getting in—was seated in his lonely office one day thinking out the problem of how much the dignity of belonging to a learned profession was supposed to be considered as equal to income, when he was startled by a timid knock at the door. It was not one of his boon companions. It was not another briefless lawyer coming in to borrow a dollar. It was a female knock, distinctly the knocking of a tiny, gloved knuckle. It doesn't seem poetic to speak of a lady's "knuckle," but facts are seldom poetical. It was not a book-agent, that was quite certain; so he invited her in. She came in. She was tearfully chippy.

"Is this a lawyer's office?" "It is, madam."

"And are you a lawyer?" "He thought at first he would say that only a few people had hitherto believed that, but it might spoil his business. He bowed politely and offered her a chair. She sat down and unfolded the facts of the case. She had been badly treated by her husband. She had had at one time a few thousand dollars and she met a man who was "broke." He was good-looking. There is nothing so fascinating to a woman with a small bank account as a handsome man who is "broke." She immediately loved him. She loved him so dearly that she gave him her hand, heart and bank account. He squeezed the first, gracefully accepted the second, and grabbed the third. He started in business and made a fortune, and they had a good time for a year or two. He took advantage of her absence in the East to switch his affections on to another woman. There are a great many side-tracks in the sentimental part of life, and sometimes main lines cross one another effectually. Life is full of junctions, and it is when they come to a junction that the married couple have to look out for one another. Well, she had got out of the train for a minute, so to speak, and missed it. The case offered big chances. The man was wealthy, and the poor but brilliant lawyer saw a big contingent fee. He accepted the case for that contingent fee and undertook to put up the necessary preliminary expenses. The case moved along. He was out twenty dollars, and she was to come down and sign the papers. She came.

"Are the papers ready?" "Yes. Here they are, madam. If you will put your name there—" "Well, you can just tear them up." "Tear them up! Why?" "I don't want to go on with the case. I love him too well."

"Very well, madam. In that case—" "I'm very much obliged to you, and I am so sorry you've had all this trouble."

"Yes, madam. My bill will be fifty dollars."

"What? You said it wouldn't cost me a cent to begin the case?" "But you haven't begun the suit, and I am out a good deal for expenses."

"I won't pay it."

"If you don't, it will be one hundred dollars to-morrow."

She wouldn't pay. Next day he sent up a sheriff with an attachment, as a threat, at least. She came down, offered him twenty dollars, then thirty. Then she proposed he should take her lace parasol. Finally she paid him fifty dollars, gave him a parting shot of polite language and went out. The curious part of the story was that inquiry elicited the fact that she had gone through the same process, except paying, with thirteen different lawyers in the city, all on the same proposition. — *San Francisco Chronicle.*

SAVED BY ACCIDENT.

How an Artist Turned Away an Indignant Husband's Wrath.

The other day a man was walking slowly up Miami avenue and encountered a man walking hurriedly down. They ran into each other, both drew off and apologized, and the one in a hurry added:

"I've been so mad all the morning I couldn't see straight."

"Nothing serious, I hope."

"Well, my wife had some photos taken and the artist made a botch job. I'm now on my way to punch his head."

"Can I see them?"

"They were exhibited, and after a careful inspection, the gentleman said:

"My friend, you are way off. The work is well done, and you ought to be proud of your wife's looks."

"Do you mean it?"

"Certainly. There are not ten as handsome women in Detroit."

"Shoe!"

"It's a fact, and the work is that of a real artist. You should be more than satisfied."

"Well, I declare! I guess I've been too hasty, and I'll drop the matter right here. Glad I didn't punch the photographer's head."

"Yes, so am I," said the other to himself as he went his way.

It was the artist himself. — *Detroit Free Press.*

A Methodist church at Augusta held a "hard-boiled-egg festival" for the purpose of raising money. Each lady attending was expected to bring a hard-boiled egg, the proceeds to go to the purchase of an organ.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A cynical Englishman who has been spending some time in New York City, says that half the citizens are honest and reputable people, and the other half are politicians.

A Brooklyn young woman has a beautiful and most curious table cover in stripes of white and golden brown. It is woven of the shorn hair of her St. Bernard dog.

The man who can make \$20,000 a year as a general thing can't save a cent, while the man who is thrifty and wise is seldom so gifted that he can earn any thing at all.

A stick of timber 151 feet long and twenty inches square, believed to be the largest piece ever turned out from any sawmill, has been sent from Puget Sound to an exhibition in San Francisco.

The highest recorded balloon ascent was by Glaisher and Coxwell from Wolverhampton, England, on September 5, 1862. They rose to the height of seven miles. According to Glaisher, in 3,500 balloon ascensions only fifteen deaths have occurred.

Animal food occasionally, for young or old fowls seems indispensable. Beef cracklings are excellent and something that most every one can obtain. Cracklings and corn meal made into a dough and baked, is good feed for both old and young birds.

A negro couple of Atlanta, who desired a very private wedding, called up the justice at midnight and had the ceremony performed then. They declared they were too bashful to go through the ceremony when everybody was around to see or hear.

Citizen—"I'm surprised that you have become such a careful driver, Jake. You used to be the most reckless hamster on the streets. You ran into half a dozen different carriages to my certain knowledge." Teamster—"I'm drivin' a mighty light wagon, now, an' it's me own." — *Omaha World.*

"Mr. Brown, you have charged me two dollars for cleaning my gloves, and Miss Jones says she only paid you fifty cents." "True, Miss, but your gloves are so small that I was obliged to take extra trouble to prevent them being lost through the spout of my steaming kettle." She paid, of course.

Visitor (to convict)—"I s'pose they treat you well here, my friend?" Convict—"Yes, sir; I have no complaints to make; but there is one thing I don't like. Every Sunday mornin' in the chapel they set me next to one of these 'ere shoutin' Methodists, an' 'tain't pleasant for a man what was born an' brought up a 'Piscopalian.'" — *Life.*

"Is it true, Mr. Featherly," inquired Bobby, "that the homeliest men get the handsomest wives?" "I believe there is an old saying to that effect, Bobby. Why?" "I heard ma say so to sister Clara last night, and Clara said that you ought to marry one of the loveliest women in the world." — *Harper's Bazar.*

Editor (to intellectual looking young man). "No poetry this morning, my friend. We're full of it." Young man (handing him manuscript)—"It's not poetry, sir; it's prose." Editor (looking at the manuscript)—"H-m—yes—gas, one month, seven-fifty. Just leave it, please, and I'll read it at my leisure." — *Tid-Bits.*

It is reported that the once unproductive Eastern Shore of Maryland, comprising Northampton and Accomac Counties, has been rendered so fertile by the use of "pine shatters"—the leaves and cones of pine trees—that the farmers of the section are growing rich. A farmer who has made money out of "pine shatters" says: "They are rich in carbon, and when the fermentation or oxidation takes place, motion follows, humic and other acids are formed, mineral matter is acted upon, chemical changes take place, and the land is changed from a dead mass of sand and clay to an active, fertile soil, bringing in motion the latent elements that are often there."

AUNT HELEN'S PLUCK.

A Venerable Lady Who Induces in Gymnastic Performances.

I was making a call the other day at a house where the family, an old lady well on toward ninety years of age, is an inmate. We were sitting quietly in the drawing-room, and I had just about reached the middle of a capital story, when I was interrupted by a startling series of thumps and whacks on the floor above. I paused for a moment, thinking it likely that my hostess would desire to rush upstairs at once and ascertain which particular boy had broken his leg or otherwise disabled himself; but she appeared to be perfectly unconcerned, and her husband endeavored to reassure me by saying: "Go on; there is no cause for alarm; it is only Aunt Helen practicing calisthenics."

Now, inasmuch, as Aunt Helen is, to my knowledge, between eighty-five and ninety years old, and, what is more important, has recently sustained a severe injury, so that she has to go on crutches, I took this remark of my host as a bad joke, and greeted it with a feeble attempt at a laugh. But I soon perceived that I had fallen into an error. A frown gathered on the lady's face, and my friend explained, seriously, that Aunt Helen, though lame, as I have said, and forced to pursue her exercise while standing on one leg, is yet so bent upon living that she engages for half an hour every day in certain gymnastic performances, the exact nature of which I do not quite understand.

I recall one similar spirit in history. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough in Horace Walpole's time, lay very ill, with her attendants gathered at her bedside. "She must be blistered or she will die," whispered the physician. "I shall do neither," said the old Duchess, and she was as good as her word. — *Boston Post.*